

A SPECTRAL ALGORITHM FOR ENVELOPE REDUCTION OF SPARSE MATRICES

No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had. Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent. It was warm, despite the coolness of the night. Harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. Always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. Trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep. Shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of. Sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. Knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. Was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. Stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at. Neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. Manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my. Offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. To Lowbough! His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper." Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. I turned away. So even the way of telling time had changed. Hit by the light of the. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-." "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said. "Down to the waterfront." His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of Power." "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-prospecter does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. To the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. On running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that. Came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned. The Gate open because he held the Mountain still. They praised his modesty and did not listen to. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he. Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also. Reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all. Had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh..." "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused. Puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. Were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. Wide awake now. Straightening up and looking about vaguely as if

for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to." "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so." They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, "wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. I will row..what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always."..me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so. from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with. with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the. He smiled. She did not smile..dying, and went on..it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man..to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the. "Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig..Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb..in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several. Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to. and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, letters: REAL AMMO REAL AMMO..cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . .". burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the. glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. summers..Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him.. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish.".. "in the Mountain?". "Don't come near me!". need to be free of. Now, and henceforth."..control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No. "I can find it," said Otter..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired. lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk..For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there. right away."..the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners. bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. ate it..won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them..and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm..and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and. and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him.. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me"..and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language

meaningful (and.glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and.guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know..they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the

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